

The Division: Remnant Falling

by Airborne101a

Category: Division, RWBY

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 16:24:20

Updated: 2016-04-14 16:24:20

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:08:16

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,317

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A Crossover between Tom Clancy's The Division and Rooster

Teeth's RWBY

The Division: Remnant Falling

The Division: Remnant Falling

By: Airborne101a

(This is merely a fanfiction writing! I own no rights to the content or any names from content of either or any of the two crossovers. This is written purely for the entertainment purposes.)

Chapter 1

Footsteps on freshly fallen snow broke the elsewise silent dreariness of the now silent, city that never slept. The crowds and masses that once huddled the streets and stores were no more. What happened to them was anyone's guess. Only a select few still dared to roam the treacherous streets. Only the brave, the foolish, and the insane walked among the empty corpses of buildings that once belonged to the city of Vale. It all happened so fast, for most it was only a blurr. The beginning of the end hit when everyone least expected it. In what was supposed to be a celebration of peace, murder and terror broke free and ravaged its way through the city, shaking it to its very core. All most all forms of government collapsed as those who were tasked to protect the city turned their guns on the ones they were supposed to protect. People grew scared, hysteria broke loose. Gangs and Factions rose up and took to the streets, claiming parts of the city for their own. Rioters took the streets, most of which were former members of the White Fang. With no more watchful eyes of any law enforcement, prisoners broke out of their cells. They used their wrong doings as a name sake and formed together to take over whatever they pleased. And some, just went completely insane. They saw the end as a chance, a chance to cleanse. They took the path less traveled and used the power of fire to 'cleanse' away what they thought was

the world's biggest threat, life. They showed no fear and burned everything they could alive or dead. Grimm, Faunus, Humans, men, women, and even children. To them, it all had to go.

Few dared to stand against these forces, few could. A military gone rogue, rioters, former prisoners, and Cleaners. Not to mention the scores of Grimm that lurked in every dark corner, down every alley, and in every house and building. There were few, but there were some. Some that decided that it was all worth the difference. That decide to go against the odds, not to take to the streets to kill, but kill to take back the streets. Former Huntsman and Huntresses, small bands of still loyal soldiers, and the Government's last fail safe. A group of individuals who seemed to rise from nowhere when the end came. People who walked amongst the masses, but against the tide of society. People you would never give a second thought about. Both men and women, Human and Faunus. Agents, agents of the Division. The Government's last failsafe to save society as they knew it. Sleeper agents planted amongst the people, trained just for this very situation. With the Government's latest technology and access to anything they needed. Their mission, to rescue, rebuild, and survive. The Division, along with Huntsman and Huntresses, and Joint Task Forces were societies last hope, its only hope, to piece it all back together.

John Patterson walked down the street somewhere between 23rd and 24th avenue. From where he was he could just make out the tower of Beacon academy shrouded in darkness far in the distance. When Beacon fell, so did the city. It had been months now since the attack, winter had taken its full grasp on the city and covered all it could with thick blankets of snow. John had been in the city the whole time, long before the attacks even happened and knew most of the city inside and out. He stuck to what streets he knew were safe when he could and avoided contact with enemies when ever he could as well. The city had fallen eerily silent and the only sounds to be heard was that of the wind through the streets and buildings and John's own footsteps in the snow. An occasional gunshot broke the silence sometimes and John would freeze as if he had been turned to stone and listened. Usually it was just a shot carried in the wind, to far for John to do anything about.

He was passing by a vandalized police car when the silence was broken again but by that of a scream. John froze and listened. The scream was close, but he couldn't tell how close as the scream quickly fell silent as suddenly as it had occurred. John's grasp on his rifle tightened. His gut turned and flipped, a usual sign that something big was about to happen. His gut did not fail him as the air erupted with sound. There was a wail by a female voice, a gunshot, and the shattering of glass. John shouldered his rifle and began to run down the street towards the noise. It wasn't long before he came upon the source of the noise. In the street three men stood over that of a figure curled up into ball on the ground. It was a female who was bleeding badly and by the looks of it the three men around her had no intention on helping her. John clenched his jaw and raised his rifle. It was clear their intention was to kill her. They mocked the female and kicked her, like dogs playing with their prey before killing it. It was do or die time. He looked through the sights on his rifle and exhaled calmly before squeezing the trigger. The .556 caliber assault rifle barked as it let out a quick three round burst. John hit one of the men square in the chest. The other two took their attention away from the female but only for a second. Time seemed to slow down as

John dispatched the other two. Before he did so the two seemed strangled. They had never even known he was there. One had begun to turn towards their fallen comrade as the other reached for the shotgun slung across his chest. They both fell to the ground like bags of wet leaves, like rag dolls, turning the white snow red with blood. John kept his rifle up and waited. The three attackers were dead, the female didn't move either. John slowly walked towards the corpse and kept a watchful eye on them as well as any other attackers that might have been hiding in the shadows. As he grew closer he could see the three men were definitely dead, but the female still had some color. She had short cut red hair and a bright pink coat on. John knelt down and checked her pulse. She was alive, but barely. She was losing blood, and fast. John gritted his teeth and pulled out a medkit from his pack. He searched the female and found the wound on her right side. John didn't have time to patch her up. They had made quite a bit of noise and it was no doubt _they _had heard the fight. John began to wrap the female up in bandages before touching a finger to his ear.

"This is Agent Patterson to any available aerial units. I need of an immediate CASEVAC. Marking position with red flare." John said into his bluetooth headset in his ear.

He didn't wait for a response as he pulled a flair gun out from his pack and fired it into the air. The flair shot high into the sky and exploded over John's head. John could hear the unmistakable sound of blades cutting through the air, thumping, and echoing through the city. The choppers were a saving grace, like angels flying low over rooftops in times of desperation. A true heaven sent, but a near death sentence in all the same.

End
file.